

New Authors

by Just a Thought

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Summary: Well, not exactly hilarious, just something for people that want a smile.

New Authors

Warnings: Aside from some swearing, nothin much here, 'cept two wildly crazy kids...Trunks and Goten are 9 and 10

Disclaimer: I do not own DB, DBZ, DBGT, any of the characters, I make no money off of this...yadda yadda yadda...

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All I have to say to Ms. Anonymous is that I respect your opinion. That and I refuse to blow my top at people who flame me (not that I'm saying Ms. Anonymous is a flamer, I'm undecided on that subject 'cause either way people could get mad at me). Any way, all flammers will get out of me is a couple of hahas.

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AHHHHHHHH!!!!!! I had this terrifying dream! The Funimation (Funimation? I forgot if there is an i in it or not, I do things like that...like forgetting things...) Any way...Trunks was not named Trunks! He was named...Fuzzykin. I kid you not...this is what my strange sub-conscious thinks up. Scary eh? By the way, this is a little notice. I refuse to flame or bash authors. And by taking the side against the impersonator I'm putting myself into the war, so if you get anything bad from me, it wasn't me that sent it.

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Trunks swiviled in his chair slightly. He was surfing the net for the first time in weeks. (He'd been banned from it when he and Goten had

set Vegeta's hair on fire.) Behind him Goten had his own swiviling chair.

"Your gonna make yourself sick." Trunks warned.

"Nah," Goten replied, "Me and my dad never spew chunks."

Trunks just logged onto a fanfiction site under the DBZ catagory. "Shall we see what the fine writers have done with our lives?" he asked faking an english (and might I add poor) accent.

When Trunks heard nothing in reply he turned around sharply. What he saw was an empty chair, what he heard was a certain someone tossing his cookies.

Trunks turned back around looking for new DBZ stories. "Aw man." he sighed. "Nothin good." he yelled over the sound of flushing.

"It's always lemons, either between your mom and dad or mine." Goten sighed.

"Wash your hands." Trunks said exaperated.

"But it's not like I went to the Bath..." he was cut off by Trunks's scowl.

"Fine." he grumbled marching off.

When he returned he found Trunks deep in thought. "Hello." he called waving his hand in front of Trunks's eyes. "Anybody home?"

Trunks snapped to w ith a jolt. "Oh." he breathed a sigh of relief and settled back into the chair.

"Why are there never any lemons with Gohan and Videl?" Goten asked.

Trunks shuddered. "Ewww, your sick. I mean...he's your brother, you'd actually read one?"

"Hey, I didn't say that! And no, I wouldn't read it!"

Trunks just remained silent. "Goten, you know how I said there was never anything good about us..."

"Uh huh." Goten replied dumbly.

"I just found out a way that we can change that problem." Trunks said beaming with a funny little smile.

"Oh...and?" Goten asked.

"We become authors of course." Trunks told him.

Goten fell over backwards. He climbed back up and looked over Trunks's shoulder. "Well, we'd better pick names." he grumbled. "Oh, good Goten isn't taken.

As Trunks looked over the names he shrieked as he found that his name was already taken. Goten fell over once more laughing. "Hey." Trunks

protested. "It's not funny, it just means I'm more popular than you."

"Yeah right." Goten countered, "I bet it's just girls in love with Mirai Trunks." Goten laughed again.

"Well then how am I gonna use my name?" Trunks protested.

"You could put a number in your name." Goten suggested.

"No!" Trunks pouted. "I am prince of the Saiyans! I will not put a number in my name."

"You could always use Fuzzykins (I have no idea where he got that from^.^)." sniggered Goten.

Trunks kicked him. "Shut up!"

"Well..." Goten seemed hesitant. "We could do a co writing thing. Ya know Goten and Trunks."

"You mean Trunks and Goten." Trunks corrected.

"No, I mean Goten and Trunks." Goten replied.

"It sounds better my way!" Trunks declared.

"But my dad's stronger than yours." Goten complained.

"Yeah, but I'm stronger than you." Trunks sneered.

"Only cause your older."

"So?"

"But G comes before T. So we'll be higher up on the list. And so does O and T." Goten retorted.

They both looked at the computer terminal, then back to each other, then the computer. Within the second they had reached the computer. Goten had been closer to the computer though and got in they're names first.

"Not fair!" whined Trunks. "You used our e-mail at Capsule Corp."

"So?" asked Goten, "You think I'd use ours? Food@aol.com? I think not."

"Well, since you did the names, I get to do the first story." Trunks announced.

Goten shrugged, "Fine with me."

Trunks pulled up a blank screen. Then he began to type:

Trunks moved stealthily to her door. His muscles rippled as he knocked on the door. A beautiful woman stepped out of the doorway.

"Oh Trunks." she sighed, "You look even more handsome than usual..."

"Hold it!" Goten screeched. "Man, what are you trying to write?" he asked cocking his eyebrow, "A lemon? And just where was I?" he asked.

"Er..." Trunks averted his eyes spying the closest room, "The bathroom!" he blurted.

"Oh, that's alright then." Goten said cheerily. Then in a threatening voice he yelled, "What was I doing hurling?!"

Trunks sat back down to typing. He erased his mistake and started anew.

Trunks grabbed his friends lifeless body.

Goten immediatly erased it.

"Geez, you killed me? I don't call that being there!" he said.

Trunks gritted his teeth. Then he thought of a nice story,

Gotilocks...

That was as far as he got, "Trunks, don't you think your a little old for the Three Bears?" he asked.

Trunks looked down dejectedly, then once more he began to type.

Trunks connected a swift blow to Gotens head. The younger Sayian plunged to earth. It was clear that Trunks would win the battle.

"Not even funny." Goten interuppted.

Trunks stormed out of the room. "I'm going somewhere else to type!" he yelled back at his friend.

About an hour latter Trunks came back. "There he said. Newly posted." They both got back on line and went to the site, they went to reviews, but alas there were none.

"Hmmm." said Goten thoughtfully, try e-mail." there was none.

Every few minutes they would check to see if they had gotten a response.

"I don't think it worked." Goten observed.

"Maybe they didn't like my story." Trunks sighed.

"Hey, you never let me read that story!" Goten remembered.

"Uh...you might not want to." Trunks shifted from side to side.

Goten pulled up the story anyway. This is just about what he read:

Goten typed furiously. He was over at Capsule Corp. doing his report. His eyes ached from the constant staring at the screen. He rubbed his eyes once more then let out a tremendous yawn. He was done, his stupid family report was finally done.

"Now." he said, "I can finally get some rest."

He went back to his first page and printed the whole thing out.

"There." he said satisfied. He was just about ready to put the paper away when he noticed a spelling error. "Aww man." he moaned. "Good thing I saved."

He got back on his computer and fixed the spelling. Goten was just about ready to print it out again when he noticed another.

"This is what I get for doing this paper at two in the morning." he grumbled.

He quickly fixed the mistake and had his hand poised on the print key when he decided to play it safe.

"The life saver spell check." he chuckled.

He didn't really bother to look at any of the misspelled words. He simply hit fix, and trusted the machine. He was too tired to care. (A dangerous mistake.)

The next day Trunks insisted on reading Goten's paper.

"What's it about?" he inquired.

"It's just a boring old report." Goten sighed.

"Please let me read it." Trunks insisted.

Finally Goten relented and let him read it. Before he could say anything though Trunks started to snicker.

"What is it?" Goten asked wearily.

By the time he had finished Trunks was rolling on the ground and red.

"What's so funny?" Goten asked indignantly.

Trunks pointed to the paper and managed to wheeze, "Names!"

Goten quickly skimmed the paper. By the time he was done he had face faulted. "OH NO!" was all Trunks could get out of him.

The names, although some the same had been switched around quite a bit. Goku was now Gout, Gohan Johan, Videl Vidal, Master Roshi Master Rosh, Bulma Bulla, Vegeta Vegetal, Krillian Krill Ian, Marron Maroon,

Tien Tine, Chowtsu (or however you spell it) Chats, Yamcha Yamaha, Nappa Nape, Radditz Reeditz, Sayian Saying, Goten Gotten, Kami Kari, and Dende Dander."

Goten grabbed his hair and screamed.

"Tough luck." Trunks laughed and went off to class.

Goten turned bright red with anger. Just as he was about to chew Trunks out a review came in. It read:

To the authors of this story: it sucked. Mwahahahahahaha! The two Sayians looked at the e-mail about ready to reply when they noticed something.

"Um hey isn't that..." Goten started to say.

"My dad's..."

"Your dad's..."

They both said unanimously, "...e-mail?"

End
file.